

Four Separate Lines of Goods, each

[illegible]

Poetry.

Thou Canst Not Forget.

The following charming poem was written by a young girl in Virginia a few years since, and has been published in the Boston Herald. It is a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of a loved one who has passed away.

Thou canst not forget me, for memory will cling
To every thought, to every word, to every thing
That ever came from thee, and I will ever be
A part of thee, and thou art ever with me.

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Our Story Teller.

MAMIE WELLS' WHITE HAIR.

I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the younger ladies present. She was not beautiful, but had the striking characteristics of a brilliant first-class actress, and a profusion of hair, white as snow, which wound around the top of her head after the fashion of Madame "Marquise," belonging to Mrs. A. T. Stewart. She was very merry, good natured, and I must confess, I contrived to occupy the larger part of her attention with that tendency towards monopolizing the best which the moment afforded that I am told is often observed by my friends.

After bidding adieu to her, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponsor at these incidental gayeties, and casually remarked, after talking some what of my new acquaintance:

"By Jove, what a luck! It seems her whole life was a play."

My friend nodded his cigar.

"That depends on how you look at it. I am inclined to think, taking things by the way, that she was a pretty good actress. Do you like her?"

"I tell you, if you like, about that white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel and something like this my friend told me:

You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country folks have in the courtesies of young folks. From the time Harry Wells began to slide up to Mamie Clausen at church on Sunday morning, the entire community gave minute consideration to the matter. Harry was a young man of about twenty, and Mamie was a girl of about sixteen. They were both from the same town, and they were both of the same family. Harry was a handsome young man, and Mamie was a beautiful girl. They were both of the same family, and they were both of the same town. They were both of the same family, and they were both of the same town.

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